WESTERN SHOE & DRY GOODS COMPANY.

The Cheapest House in Town For Dry Goods and Shoes.

51 and 53 South Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

FOR CONFERENCE WEEK

We will Sell you Goods Cheaper than New York Prices, Fire Stock Prices, or Prices quoted by any house in the country. The reason we do it is because

It is Not Profits we Want, but a Liberal Share of Your Patronage

And to have you get acquainted with us. It will pay you to

Call and See for Yourself before Buying!

Yard Wide Sheeting,	4½c
Bleached Muslin,	3c
Outing Flannels,	5c
Light and Dark Prints,	5c
Cheviot Shirtings,	7½c
Canton Flannels,	5c
Bed Ticks,	7½c
Bed Quilts,	75c
Best Carpet Warp,	$1.40
Table Linen,	25c
Turkey Red Damask,	20c
Lace Curtains,	75c per pair
Lace Curtain Nets,	20c
Scrims,	5c
Cotton Batting,	15c

KEEP THIS KEY — IT WILL BRING YOU GOOD LUCK

Western Shoe & Dry Goods Co.
Hooper Eldredge Blk. 51-53 Main St.

Spring Jackets, Capes, Wraps and Shawls, in Great Assortment Just Arrived.

36 inch Spring Shades Cashmeres	25c
36 inch dark colored Casimeres	22½c
American Wool Challies	20c
36 inch Light Spring Suiting	25c
French Sateens, 15c. worth	10c
Figured Lace Lawns 12½c. worth	20c
46 inch Black French Henrietta $3c. worth	$1.25
Black Silks in all makes 90c. worth	1.50

Dress Flannels	10c
English Cheviot,	15c
Wool Checks,	15c
Castillion Chintz,	10c
Grenada Tissues,	10c
Swansdown,	15c
Printed Challies,	4½c
Boys' Waists,	25c
Boys' Pants,	35c

All our GENTS' FURNISHINGS BELOW COST, to Close Out.

HOOPER & ELDREDGE BLOCK.

AN OVERZEALOUS POLICEMAN.

Is Keep the Doorbell Because He Saw a Sound Step Window Open.

It is not often that a policeman can be charged with devoting himself too assiduously to his business. But now a policeman puts in his time is one of the mysteries that have thus far proved impenetrable. It is known that he walks up and down the streets that compose his beat in a leisurely manner; that on a cold day he occasionally swings his arms in order to stir up the sluggish circulation of his blood; that he accounts himself highly favored among men if there is within his bailiwick a peanut stand from which he can filch a toothsome morsel or two each time he passes it; that at night he is fond of fumbling doorknobs, in the belief that he is thus preventing his fellow citizens and misdemeanors by burglars and men of that kidney; and that every now and then he brings his club down on the sidewalk with a resounding thwack, which strikes terror to the soul of every cat in the neighborhood, but the occasion of which is dimly known, if at all, to the average citizen.

But overattentive to duty—who ever saw a policeman that could be charged with this? Of course policemen sometimes use their clubs with too much freedom, but such conduct, reprehensible as it is, hardly comes within the scope of the present inquiry.

A Brooklyn woman, however, has made the discovery. She has found one of the blue coats to be guardians of the peace with soul far beyond the ordinary. Her home is on a well known residence street, and it is her invariable habit to keep a window open in her sleeping room during the night. The room is on the second story and at the front of the house.

It was about midnight and having not yet returned from the club—she was aroused by a prolonged ring of the doorbell. Throwing a shawl about her, she hastened to the window to find out who it was wanted. In the flickering light of the street lamp she was able to make out the form of a policeman on the stoop.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Excuse me, mum," said the policeman, but did you know that the window there was wide open, mum?"

"Certainly," was the answer; "I always leave a window open at night."

"Oh, is that it, mum?" returned the policeman. "I didn't know it, and I thought that you might best in and that the storm was a lot of chance, mum. I hope you'll excuse me for troubling you, mum."

Then he slowly and heavily descended the steps and trudged on his way.

The lady, having been roused from her first sound sleep, went back to bed in no good humor. She didn't remain the policeman's number, and on second thoughts the next morning she wouldn't have reported him if she had obtained it. On the other hand, she would have been more inclined to write a letter of commendation to the police commissioner.

"But to think," she exclaimed after narrating the episode at the breakfast table, "the wind was in the north, and the rain couldn't possibly have got in at a window opening to the south. After all, I'm not sure whether my opinion of the police of this city is raised or lowered by my midnight adventure."—New York Tribune.

A Careless Author.

Anthony Trollope was singularly unkempt and his clothes were very wrinkled and ill made. He was the only man I had heard swear in decent society for uncounted years. The swearing, which was repeated, was the most disagreeable of all—the actual enunciating by the holiest name of some trumpery statement. Then, by way of making himself pleasant in a gathering of Scotsmen, he proceeded (the ladies being gone) and we all gathered to hear him to vilipend our beloved Sir Walter. Mr. Trollope said that if any of Sir Walter's novels were offered to any London publisher of the present day it would be at once rejected.—"Twenty-five Years of St. Andrew's."

Opportunities.

However a man is gifted, whether for active enterprise of thought or charity, there lies around him a world of opportunity. So far behind are we socially, morally, intellectually, that one might be forgiven if he supposed the world were made yesterday, and nothing had yet been done. Does an ambition fire us to help the despairing, cheering, shining people around us? If a few more years be added to our life, would we not strive to put something right, to sweep out some little corner, to awaken some soul to see and rejoice in the growing light?—Good Words.

On for the Afternoon.

He had a half holiday, and about 1 o'clock p. m. he came into a friend's office and sat down.

"Well," inquired the man at the desk, "what have you got on for the afternoon?"

"Nothing," he replied, with a listless air, "that is, nothing except my clothes."—Detroit Free Press.

That Tired Feeling.

The man who has no business of his own to attend to always go in bad trend.—Rene's Horn.

As the ex to the.

Whether it were not better to die than to die is an old question with the English speaking races that preceded it. Two hundred and fifty years ago Frances Quarles had this to say on the question in his "Emblems": "God is the Author of truth, the Devil the father of lies. If the telling of a truth will endanger thy life, the Author of truth will protect thee from the danger or reward thee for thy damage. If the telling of a lye may secure thy life, the father of lies will beguile thee of thy payment unless the security. Better by losing of a life to save it than by saving of a life to lose it. However, better thou perish than the truth."—Sunday School Times.

A Necklace of Pearls.

Mr. Boers has for some years been making a collection of pearls varying in size from that of a pea to a large marble, and has now nearly completed his labor. All the stones are perfect in shape, skin and color, the center pearl having cost over $10,000. The collector is besieged with questions as to the lucky individual who is to become the owner of this wonderful string, but is dumb in his refusal to reveal the name.—London Cor. Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Paper Making Industry.

The paper making industry is one of the largest in the country. There are about 1,300 mills scattered all over. New England is largely given over to the industry, which, however, flourishes in many western states as well. Mills can turn out from three to fifty tons of paper a day.—New York Evening Sun.

A NATION OF STAIR CLIMBERS.

The Britisher Lives a Fashion for Living in Top Story Apartments.

I called upon American friends. It was just in that hour when solid midnight sets in here of colors, and when, in response to a ring, the heavy iron door opened with a sort stick, there were revealed a few steps, and beyond them was darkness. I did not know as what every my friends dwelt, having only the number of the house. After striking several matches it appeared that there might did not dwell on the first or second floors. Mere mistakes were struck, and at last the name appeared. There was nothing to say about so strange an adventure. It is the way of the town. One has to get the hang of the dark stairways or star in first class hotels.

A friend related a similar experience. He was making a call in a fashionable quarter, and after lighting his way to the fourth story of a large house, and incontinent the steps—there were lots of them—he opened an apartment that was brilliantly lighted and found a charming circle of ladies in lovely evening costumes. He expected some explanation of his passage up the stairway, 100 dizzy steps, but it was not regarded as remarkable in any respect. The people upon whom he was calling were Americans with a superfluity of money, and aloof for personal repose and educational facilities. The people are used to the climbing of stairs, and regard it as a form of necessary exercise.

A Frenchman is not a house, but a series of apartments connected and separate from others. There is a common stairway, and it is guarded by a porter, who watches the one front door, behind which, at various elevations, are half a dozen well established families. There are probably four floors, with room for a family, perhaps two of them, on each floor. You come to an iron and glass door say three feet high, and ring a bell. You are at once under inspection from the lodge of the lordly porter, and if he regards you as eligible he pulls a lever or turns a crank and the spring latch is withdrawn.

Then you ascend to the floor where your friends are at home and ring another bell and you can enter a private hall, though often on this bell there are several parties who merely know each other as neighbors. This is the way to concentrate population and encourage architecture.

I know a young man who has not been in Berlin long, and has a fancy for counting the steps he climbs to see his friends. The number of steps ranges from 33 to 111. The average height of eligible apartments is about 70 steps. There are few accommodations in abundance at the height of 133 steps.—Berlin Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

Poor Vestlings Rate Be Salt.

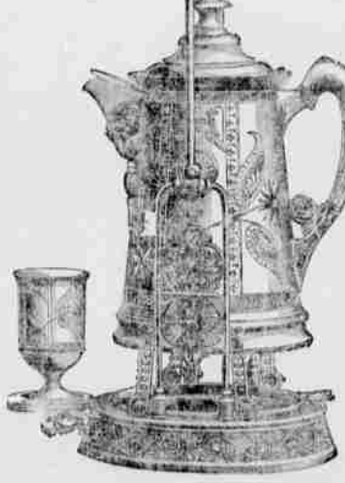
Salt does not enter into the food of the poor Vanothas. They never taste it, and the hospital for the sandhoss children at Lido is filled with those who have not had the necessary sense in their food. Every evening I have noticed a poorly dressed woman, accompanied by two small children, a boy and a girl, go to a point on the river and lean over the edge of the wall and fill a bottle with the salt water. Becoming curious as to the use made of it I approached her, with an apology for the question, and asked her what she did with the sea water. Turning upon me a sweet, sad face, in which traces of beauty were still visible, she replied that this was the only way she had of giving her children the taste of salt which they required. The tax levied upon this article by the government placed it entirely beyond the reach of the poor.—Venice Cor. Omaha Bee.

Crossing the Andes in a Coach.

Mr. Bonin Bagnegis, accompanied by his wife, has crossed the Andes in a coach, drawn by three mules, from Salta to Cobiaco. The distance between the two places is 130 leagues, and the journey was performed in eleven days. In many places the vehicle had to be lifted bodily over obstacles by the owner and his men, and in others a road had to be cut. It was an arduous undertaking, requiring no small amount of courage and pluck. Forty years ago the late Sir George Bowyer, a native of the United States, crossed the Cordilleras in a coach by a route in the province of Arecuna.—Cotton Gazette.

ELIASON'S

AUCTION SALE



ELIASON'S AUCTION SALE!

Having decided to retire from the Jewelry Business, will Close Out my entire Stock of DIAMONDS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY and SILVERWARE at AUCTION. The Sale to take place on MONDAY, APRIL 4th, 1892, at 2 and 7:30 o'clock p.m., and continue until entirely Closed Out. Ladies particularly invited to attend afternoon sales at 2 o'clock, with the assurance that the utmost decorum will be enforced. Quality of each article guaranteed as represented by the auctioneer.

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H. C. O'NEAL of Chicago, Conducting the Sale.